



*THIS
GIRL'S
A
BALL!*



"But I feel I feel better when I feel well-dressed!"

WHEN I DOWLE I just think of one thing. One thing only," Denise Brunerick told Mel Parbey, our looting Editor.

"Truth? You think about getting a stroke, right Denise?" Mel asked her.

"Yes," Denise said. "I think about how this is going to help me stretch my right arm. I got a short right arm and I'm trying to stretch it."

"How come you got a short right arm, Denise?" Mel asked.

"I used to have left handed. My arm got stretched longer than my right arm. The only reason I keep bombing is as I can even up my arms," she said with a swing of her right arm. There was a heaving ball in her hand. Mel stood and put on time as it revolved overhead with the power of a good TIF.

"Denise?" Mel asked. "what happens if you have a little too long with your right arm and it gets longer than your left arm? You got to start over again?" Mel asked.

"I done that twice already, blame it. I'm the only girl hooter here that can let the ball go halfway down the alley before it hits it. I got a thumb made. Sometimes you don't notice it too much because I double my arms up twice my short. You thought I had a big chesters, hey, hey! There's my arms!" she said proudly, and then removed two more feet of arm from each side of her short to prove it. It left her hollow chested.

"This really took my boyfriend. The other night a girl I was going with got an office in the wash when he tried to get fresh with me. What pushed him was



"It's hard to get all this stuff on under shorts," says Denise.



Ben Brannick, America's favorite pin-knocker, gives her tips for getting the most out of a ball that's right up her alley



"You have to keep a lot on the ball to bowl well," says Ben Brannick. "You've got to keep your thumb in shape."

he was holding what he thought were my elbows at the time. It was the direction of the pencil that fooled him. Huh?"

"What was he talking if it wasn't your elbows?"

"The pencil, buddy."

Ben's bowling secrets include a warning she learned from Billy Dean: "I really hung onto that ball and threw it around and around about three times before I let go of it. When it rolls down the alley, it's traveling about 300 miles an hour. The alley work I put a ball right through the back of the head and it rolled out onto the highway and crashed a truck, two cars and an ice cream wagon before it stopped. The alley owner gave me a plaque for that one."

"What did the plaque say, Ben?" Mel asked.

"It said, 'Stay the hell out of my bowling alley Ben Brannick.'"

"Did that discourage you?" Mel asked.

"No. I offered to take up shot shooting, you know, with a shotgun, if Max, the guy who owned the best cup alley, didn't let me bowl some more after he got his wall fixed up."

"Well, why doesn't that have made Max, the guy who owned the bowling alley, change his mind?" Mel asked.

"The shot shooting place is next door to the bowling alley."

"Oh," Mel said. "Well, whatever else advice do you have to offer young American womanhood who would like to learn to bowl like you?"

"Let the man win if you bowl with a man. Don't lose your temper at a man just because he can't bowl good."

"You sound like you've had personal experience of a bad bowl," said Mel.

"I have. I used to go with a guy named Melrose. He couldn't bowl worth a damn but I always let him win to make him. One day, I said to him, 'Melrose, you can't bowl worth a damn.' And I took my fingers in his ears and bowled him down the alley right into the pins."

"Were you sorry after you did it, Ben?"

"Yeah. I left a 7-10 split standing. That was terrible bowling."

"Yeah."

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POLITICAL NEWS



Nikita Khrushchev has a new summit conference weapon — hair for his own summit! If Ike plays his cards right, he can bring back Russia's big secret — how that mop grew on K's knob. "This is going to be a bigger deal than KGB," said Ike, "because this is their KGBH weapon." KGBH, of course, stands for "I Can Grow Hairy Heads" . . .

KRUSH GROWS HAIR!

PREVIEW he was in for a surprise when he attended the summit conference, but he was totally unprepared for this — a lengthy, leg and neck rubbing on Nikky's head! And it was all his! "Wow," K told him as the conference started, "things have come to a head between us, so you can see. I'm prepared to make a deal with you on certain grounds!"

"Nik, old buddy," Ike said, startled almost beyond words, "what is the deal? You been drinking Vodka instead of Tequila?"

"It's not quite so simple as that, Ike!" K roared with a snarl and a pat of his sideburns. "Just between us, I know you would also like to have a good set of hairs on your noggin, but maybe not in this same shocking pink, for political reasons. I'm ready to make a deal with you. I'll trade you my country's KGBH secrets if you'll give me your country's KGBH secrets. We'll call it an even trade, huh?"

KGBH, of course, is highest international OSS code for I Can Grow Hairy Heads. "We'll have to take ten, Nik," said Ike. And then the phasers burned between Europe and Hollywood. One own correspondent, Marilyn Monroe, was called into the act to get the other KGB's secrets. Of course, she did, by pulling a party rail in NM's wardrobe closet.

Why did Nikky want KGB's beauty secrets? Ike wife insisted that he get them, for her benefit. And now it can be revealed: Monroe's big secret — she never wears a Madelonism, or anything else. The trade was made, and now peace will most certainly reign. For many, many years, for Ike now has Nik's secret. And we're pretty happy to reveal it in print for the first time. Nik's real hair remains about intact, from something he drinks — but that something is not Vodka instead of Tequila, so the almost shavenly passed, it's Vodka with Vodka and pink champagne.

Ike's formula will have to use Vodka Vodka, and domestic pink champagne for a blond head of hair. Remember, you saw it here first! And of course, now our nation owes a debt of gratitude to Marilyn Monroe, for revealing her own beauty secrets. Not will we be sorry, when the next cold war weapon becomes Khrushchev's wife — without a Madelonism?

Only time (shoulder) can tell us that!"



The phasers in amazement... "How'd you do it, Nik?" he asked. OGLF



"Look, folks, now you can forget the last Friday. The day you said that and said King. I'll anybody says I ain't. That's as far as I can go, baby."

FINE ART SECTION

TODAYS CULTURE

Is there such a thing as a beatnik? Ogle sent Mel Bell, its beatnik editor, out to find out. All he's brought back is dark coffee.



"**MEL BALL,**" we asked Mel Ball, our Beatnik Editor. "What is the real story on beatniks?"

I guess, we are interested in finding out for the readers of *Globe* if this is a fraud or a fad or something else with an 'F.' I mean, what is the real, true story on beatniks in America? Mel Ball, brother of Paul?"

Mel Ball, brother of Paul, started us for a moment. His face was positive—contorted in thought. Finally, he spoke. "Like, man, how should I know the answers to dumb questions like that?"

He quit. We quit. But we determined to bring back the real, truly great, all-American damned beat story. We visited Beverly Hills of San Francisco, Calif. Bev was originally from New but moved to Calif. when she began modelling around with a guy named Ed F. Mader. Her mother made her home in a city named Luck. Man. She married a guy from Tex. Naturally, we can't mention his name at this time.

Bev and Ed are now looking around in her beat-type club where Ed makes a look or two drawing pictures of her wife. She plays games, too, so we can be seen. One of the things is called "Floor Chess." In this game, she plays chess on the floor. Chess men, of course, are hard to find (in one picture she's looking for them in the Chess Men room)—so soon, usually she walks over into playing *Marble Marry* (in *The Wall, Where a Beatnik Editor Mel Ball*) as can also be seen in a picture.

"I go for Mel," Bev from Bev told us. "He's from Halle, of course. He's my type of guy, really. Ed from Cal is all right, but his brother has in becoming too much for me. If you can figure it out."

We figure it out. ■



MEET OUR STAFF!



Editor and Publisher
Myron (Moi) Foss

Here is our editorial board — the people who work night and day so that they can afford to donate their time to Ogle without pay. Here's how they make dough!



And Foss is our Managing Editor. Here he's on job standing up money to pay the printer. But he's just made a donation.

THIS IS BY WAY of warning: Did you ever wonder to be an editor? Really? Then perhaps we're looking for you, which is a stretch. Usually people are looking for us, the editorial board (read?) of Ogle. Usually, too, they're full editors.

But if you have a good steady job, a wife and kids, and are also otherwise a nut, then maybe we can use you! What we need is your military discharge, if you have been a vet, certifying that you were as healthy and truly Section Eight, a role from your psychiatrist admitting you're hopeless, and you must come accompanied by your last arresting officer to



And Foss is our Foreign Editor. That's not a fact, by the way, it's a handicap. He never happens to be stopped that way. Mine, not last spring, not.

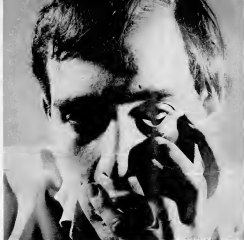


And Giovanni is our General Editor. He's today a driving instructor, which has taught him to assume pronounced views.

certify your irresponsibility. And you must be able to spell irresponsibility as good as so.

We need people to help us out. If you can write, or have ever wanted to write or edit, maybe you'd better think twice about applying here. We don't want to get infamy (if you can spell that word, don't show other's complements). But if you're a person out and have money, please get in line.

On these pages, of course, you meet our staff. Our Publisher and Editor is Myron Foss, who changed his name recently. It used to be Moi Foss, but he got weary of feeling as though he were talking to himself everyone he called a staff man. They're all



Mel believes your Honor (After: Here before we signed for the next one: laughing hysterically. You should see his throat)

named Mel, of course. That's another rule. You must let named Mel to make it. It was one of the original rules, but then our Eds got tired of his own name. He's thinking of asking that all future employees be named Myron, which may wipe us all out.

It is really a good deal being a staff man. You get to buy cash and every copy of *Clips* for only 38 cents, which is a bargain even Mad Max Minto would scream about.

But there's a bigger deal in store for you writers. If you want to submit stories to us, we're ready. Just don't send them postage due, because we have our own troubles. For each and every story we print we'll send you a check for \$2000, assigned by our publisher suitable for framing. You can frame it

Just not use yourself, sign it yourself in regular do-it-yourself job you'll be proud of, and hang it in impress friends with how much money you've got. You don't have to cash checks from every Tom, Dick and Mel who buys your stuff.

It'll make you a big man in your neighborhood. Don't send stuff if you can't spell, neighborhoods any better than that by the way. And so as we leave you, we ask only one thing more.

If you do apply, you absolutely must come prepared to furnish your own padding. This will be returned to you, following your departure, and be sold as Mel Sandpaper, our Handy Editor, can get it removed from your office walls.

COOL E

THE NEW
MAGAZINE

ISSUE 1

Look! They're
HERE!
THE NEW
MAGAZINE
IS FREE!



THE NEW
MAGAZINE
IS FREE!



OGLE GOES TO A MONSTER RALLY

How it can be told! Here's
how to tell if your friends
are really monsters — or if
they are plain, ordinary
good old buddy-buddy type people.
(Don't be in danger of fooling!)





Right, monster has Melina
Frandorova, our girl-eyes
Monster Editor, covered
the miserably faint-
ing a bit harder not
How to faint, and is
preparing to make a
brisk exit out of her



Melina Frandorova, our
Monster Editor, is about to
leave Joe Dick that the
girl has shown us a of the
wrong kind of girl is
actually Casey (Mongol,
the Russell character)
with a happy look.

Mass Monster Meet makes it madly; Frankenstein vies with Sandal Monster in gory blood both for Monster Casey Spengel

THE GORE EDITORIAL BOARD was recently invited to a Monster Rally. We went and we were horrified. Some of what happened is pictured here. Melissa (Mel for short) Frankenstein, our Monster Editor, came dressed in her usual garb, fangs and claws. Pat Brady, who has a terrible case of ossema, was also there, as was Harry Dwyer, who — we must admit — could have used a shave.

And then the monsters showed up.

There was Casey Spengel, the Sandal Monster, who is taking it these days as a girl. He rubs his eyes and then puts the arms on their blood, since he's afraid female type blood may weaken him too much. They call him the Sandal Monster because he's been about having a ball with blood.

Then there was the How To Monster, who carries hammer and spike with him everywhere and even spiked the punch before it could be poured into a bucket.

The last and worst monster to show was a hairy, life female monster known as the Sandal Monster. She wears springs in her sandals and at the least provocation will leap backwards over the shoulder of a man and attack him. To illustrate how hostile she can be, we snapped a picture of her as she attacked Pat Brady, who up to that time had been reading his own manuscript, stretching his ossema. *

Pat Brady, who has a bad case of ossema, is shown in the picture of the Sandal Monster, who has a habit of leaping backwards over the shoulders of the men she captures. "I haven't been through such a harrowing experience," said Pat "since the last time I tried to stretch my ossema. She almost had me."



LONELY HEARTS' CLUB



Johnny Parker has honest trouble—embarrassed by his constant clashing of horns, he can't stop 'em. But his address can be sent for location cards.



Jojo Dingo claims to be a respectable female novelist. But guards watch all his lines getting in sight. Send only two bits for his address, y'eh. What're you're in



Sissy Moon has a thing about having food. But otherwise it's about okay.



Joey Kool is on up and coming now, and he had already for those of you who may not wish. But price is only four cents with his checked out.



Dr. Joe Gumpert has a figure problem—44-22-44—but it's otherwise a good deal for some guy who's willing to send in 44 cents (just) for his address, name and address.



Good Wolf Mary has one flaw: It's a guy who demands a woman who's played like a long hair. Make her laugh.

We sent out a questionnaire to likely candidates. But these days are the guys and gals that answered, kids. We can't score 100 percent everytime! Take pet look, buddies!



LONELY? And all that jazz?

Then we've got the solution for you, buddies. Guys and gals, Life, these are the candidates! We do apologize for them, but after all, you can't display your best merchandise the first time around.

Ron Rex Grapefruit, for example, looks great across the breakfast table. It's only when you look under the darned table that things take a different shape.

And Joey Kook is a good boy, really. It's just that the oil-to-meat-to-milk-to-vegetable oil menu that when he was a baby his mother used to cook for him constantly with a stainless steel spoon. And one day she picked up the baby's straight razor instead. Ever since, Ron has never been without his knife.

And you take Hugo Hugs. Please. He's a real respectable Swedish ice man, but he keeps getting into fights, and he keeps getting kicked. It wouldn't be so bad if the guy could fight, but we're looking for a girl who can really give it to him. It will help her self-esteem if he can finally find a girl he can lay out with one jolt of his special Swedish Meatball. It's a punch, of course.

Then there's Edna Fisher. He was going with Linda, who's the daughter of our tailor, for a long time, but now she's free again. And make sure your name is not Debbie. The last lady that name, Mai, ever, would be cheap for Edna, believe.

So, send in your contributions for these people. They need love and all that jazz. Particularly that jazz. Be sure in your checks and take them Life please.

6648

ONE FORM

NAME _____ AGE (CHECK ONE) OVER 21 ☐ 21 ☐ 22 ☐ 23 ☐ 24 ☐ 25 ☐ 26 ☐ 27 ☐ 28 ☐ 29 ☐ 30 ☐ 31 ☐ 32 ☐ 33 ☐ 34 ☐ 35 ☐ 36 ☐ 37 ☐ 38 ☐ 39 ☐ 40 ☐ 41 ☐ 42 ☐ 43 ☐ 44 ☐ 45 ☐ 46 ☐ 47 ☐ 48 ☐ 49 ☐ 50 ☐ 51 ☐ 52 ☐ 53 ☐ 54 ☐ 55 ☐ 56 ☐ 57 ☐ 58 ☐ 59 ☐ 60 ☐ 61 ☐ 62 ☐ 63 ☐ 64 ☐ 65 ☐ 66 ☐ 67 ☐ 68 ☐ 69 ☐ 70 ☐ 71 ☐ 72 ☐ 73 ☐ 74 ☐ 75 ☐ 76 ☐ 77 ☐ 78 ☐ 79 ☐ 80 ☐ 81 ☐ 82 ☐ 83 ☐ 84 ☐ 85 ☐ 86 ☐ 87 ☐ 88 ☐ 89 ☐ 90 ☐ 91 ☐ 92 ☐ 93 ☐ 94 ☐ 95 ☐ 96 ☐ 97 ☐ 98 ☐ 99 ☐ 100 ☐ 101 ☐ 102 ☐ 103 ☐ 104 ☐ 105 ☐ 106 ☐ 107 ☐ 108 ☐ 109 ☐ 110 ☐ 111 ☐ 112 ☐ 113 ☐ 114 ☐ 115 ☐ 116 ☐ 117 ☐ 118 ☐ 119 ☐ 120 ☐ 121 ☐ 122 ☐ 123 ☐ 124 ☐ 125 ☐ 126 ☐ 127 ☐ 128 ☐ 129 ☐ 130 ☐ 131 ☐ 132 ☐ 133 ☐ 134 ☐ 135 ☐ 136 ☐ 137 ☐ 138 ☐ 139 ☐ 140 ☐ 141 ☐ 142 ☐ 143 ☐ 144 ☐ 145 ☐ 146 ☐ 147 ☐ 148 ☐ 149 ☐ 150 ☐ 151 ☐ 152 ☐ 153 ☐ 154 ☐ 155 ☐ 156 ☐ 157 ☐ 158 ☐ 159 ☐ 160 ☐ 161 ☐ 162 ☐ 163 ☐ 164 ☐ 165 ☐ 166 ☐ 167 ☐ 168 ☐ 169 ☐ 170 ☐ 171 ☐ 172 ☐ 173 ☐ 174 ☐ 175 ☐ 176 ☐ 177 ☐ 178 ☐ 179 ☐ 180 ☐ 181 ☐ 182 ☐ 183 ☐ 184 ☐ 185 ☐ 186 ☐ 187 ☐ 188 ☐ 189 ☐ 190 ☐ 191 ☐ 192 ☐ 193 ☐ 194 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OGLE VISITS A

On the teletype we heard that in Death Valley there lived a most precious three-year-



The fact that there was water in Death Valley didn't surprise us.



But the fact that this three-year-old could speak? Well,

Mel, our specialist on three-year-old girls, tells us that

WE COULDN'T BELIEVE it, but the teletype-type machine was drumming it out in a hurry in our news office. Mel Huntley-Broskey, our News Editor, rushed into our office.

"Here the W, that is it!" he screamed.

"Okay, I'm ready. Mel (I call all my editors Mel because I can't remember names) hit me with the news."

The last thing I remember for at least 24 hours was the sight of Mel Huntley-Broskey rearranging the teletype machine at me. He hit me with all the news that's fit to print, right between the eyes. Then I awoke.

"Be sure that you're recovered, boss, there is a three-year-old with the best developed vocabulary in the world living in the middle of Death Valley. It would make a good hot type story for our good old humor magazine," Mel Huntley-Broskey said.

After fring him, I sent Mel Loken, our Child Editor, into Death Valley to cover the story. Here's the story he sent back, unvarnished and even quoted, for



THREE YEAR

old girl — not really believing it, we went, saw — and here is the full, true, goofy story!





"Immense Homosexual Encyclopedia," she scoffed at Howard



We could tell by listening to this child she had a great future!

"Specifications, Syndrome, Correlations," she said. We were amazed. We had never heard a three-year-old speak so fluently!

that matter:

"Now, this girl really has the best developed vocabulary I've ever seen — ah — heard, for a three-year-old like months words like 'voluntary,' and 'metamorphosis,' and 'extraneous!' as though they were nothing at all. Frankly, I have to carry a dictionary with me to figure out what she's talking about most of the time. That kid is really phenomenal! (which I can't spell, but she can pronounce), all right?"

Then the next letter came:

"Now, this girl, whose name is Sue Slinn, is really something. I think I should spend at least another month or two here to research her whole big story, and she's got one of the biggest stories I've ever had the pleasure of covering, baby!"

And the next:

"Baby Sue and I have been making the sights of Death Valley together. For a three-year-old she really knows her Death Valley. I've been wanting to get around to have questions like how in the heck did she get here in the first place and all that jazz. But when you're sitting on the desert at night with a kid like this baby — I mean this three-year-old child — then you must take your time in the right way. You must examine the subject thoroughly & well. Right now I'm spending most of my days and nights looking into her well-developed vocabulary. I'm trying to measure the extent of it all, if you follow me, babe."

And then the last:

"Now, I got a laugh for you. That kid next three years old at all. She's smart! How do you like that for a big promise on me? We've been talking, I guess. By the way, babe, I won't be back for awhile. I understand it's legal in Kentucky to marry a seven-year-old girl in Sue Slinn is about to become Mrs. Mel. (who is Kentucky. Isn't that a real, huh?)"

We sent Mel a wire which read:

"This is real. You're fixed!" •



Sue Slinn had the best developed three-year-old vocabulary we'll ever hear of





OUR EDITOR



**WANTED By Every
Insane Asylum
(It's Our Editor)**

Yes, it's true, true, true, We're giving away Miss Hungary of 1930! She's yours for the asking! All you must do is fill out the questionnaire, tell us why you're eligible — and win!

THE FAMILY CERTIFIED INSANE



Which one is the Zan Zan? The new shadblow has men's eyes!



Zan Zan is a good time girl who likes her men of letters. (Note: She is not a beauty.)



She can be a true one, too, and a real one too. (Note: You must bring home friends.)



Her only problem: she gets up in the air over Time Magazine.

IS GIVING ZSA ZSA AWAY

FREE!

FOOTNOTES: 1. *See* www.fishbase.org.



Has the world got more peace than it used to have? Shouldn't it have more peace than it used to have?

[illegible]

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Fig. 4 plots the all the tested systems, maintaining their own size, their own cost

YES, IT'S VERY TRUE. We're giving away *Essa* Es (who can spell a name like that?) free for the asking to you who are our readers, old and new! Just fill out that form on the right!

We know the score (it's ten to six against us!) and we know you know the score (ten to one we win, right?), so we wouldn't try to kid you. This guy needs a husband. It's as simple as that. And she has asked us to give her an assist in that direction. So we assumed said husband, for her

New life up to you. If you'd like to take Sas 2Xas home to Kansas (and we do mean *Kan*—she goes with the dead bird), write us today. Sas 2Xas (we never said we could spell it right) is nursing with hated breath (which causes her chest to heave when she starts breathing)—and we observed in Hungary a enough for one year! So your letter.

World's largest. Please! We're getting popped down.
Because he looks all those College women in school.

If you can't walk today, wait another day or even the day before. If you think you're holding, wait a day or so in camp with the Cuban wife. Later, a

HOW TO GET THE MOST FROM THE BOOK

Index: All our data here and now is collected by your people about us (local opinion). Sometimes, you may not be sure to trust if you don't know us yet, but after a few normal people think you're better than us, maybe they will try again! Sometimes, you may not get to think anything if you're not in the same crowd.

Check the following if it pertains to you, if you can:
 Have all standard oil, grease & fluid checks (engine, brake, etc.)
 Had it on the Ogle 2-Wheel Stem Street Light, 1980
 New York City, by accident? (see website)

- [illegible]

[illegible]

I visited, twice, about and gathered
around all kinds of food for the people
in question. I found all good and it was
great and perfect about the whole
thing.

[illegible][illegible]

OGLE PRESENTS NEWS OF THE MONTH!



Here are the highlights of the world's weak in review — this is the news you should have



Marilyn Momser, queen of Kilroyville, Kentucky, displays assets.



"They just grew with those big points on them. I never have to buy anything to cover them up"



MM's unusual feature, of course, are her heels. "Like I said, mine grow spikes; aren't they greet?"



"All right, geng, let's put the slug on Gery now!"



"And now he's going to raise the ante to a billion dollars!"



been reading all along!



"Now let's let her stomach loose her own way shall?"



"Oh, G. Fiddle. Oh, G. Fiddle! Why is that a name I heard?"



"I've got my eyebrows under these broad glass
eyes!"



"Don't look now. Oh, but that set us the staff a Goshen Republic!"

GAGS

Let's face it, these are the jokes. We know they're funny because we stole them from some of the top comedians of the year, guys like Mel Bro, Mel Wanzo, Melbarnard Melapod, Bob Hope, Mel Crosby, Mel Mel!

A student wandered into a tennis match and sat down for a role called
 "Whose game?" he asked
 "I am," she replied

"Do you know the difference between a popular girl and an unpopular one?"
 "Yes and no."

A customer sat down at a table at a smart restaurant and tied a napkin around his neck. The man over called the waiter and said, "Try to make that man understand as tactfully as possible that that's not done here."

The waiter approached the customer and said, "Shave or a haircut, sir?"

"What do you do all day?"
 "Eat and drink."
 "What do you lose?"
 "Dent."

The vicar was preaching his Sunday sermon. "Before you can go to heaven," he thundered, "you have to kill the three dogs. They are the dog of malice, the dog of greed, and the dog of sex. I have killed the dog of malice, I have killed the dog of greed and I have killed the dog of sex, and I'm going to heaven."

Baroness," piped a voice from the back of the room, "are you sure the last one didn't die a natural death?"

Little Willie wrote on the blackboard: "Willie is a passionate dork!"

The teacher was startled and made him stop sitting behind. When Willie got out of school that night his friends surrounded all over him to hear what punishment he'd received.

"I can't say, neither," Willie said, "not that I save page to advertise!"

He sat beside his dying partner, keeping the death watch. Suddenly the dying man began to wheeze and speak.

"Yes," he whispered, "I have a confession to make. I added the sum of \$100,000. And I sold a secret formula to our competitors. And I have made love to your wife and . . ."

"That's okay, old man," Joe murmured. "I'm the guy who poisoned you."

"How did you like the bridge party last night?"

"Fine, until the cops came and looked under the bridge."

She was sitting in a dark corner. He stole up behind her, and before she was aware of his presence, he had kissed her.

"How dare you?" she shrieked.

"Pardon me," he bluffed, "I thought you were my sister."

"You jerk, I am your sister!"

There were mice in the basement, so the young married couple decided to set traps for the pests. One trap was placed by a box of apples, while the other was put by a box of nuts.

Once the traps had been set, the man and his wife went to bed. They had just turned out the lights when a loud "clump" sounded from the region of the basement. The man leaped out of bed and ran down to inspect the catch. His wife followed as far as the top of the basement stairs, where she stopped and called down.

"Did you catch him by the apples, darling?"

"No, dear," came the answer.

"Mamma mia!" cried little Johnny, "the pup-pies are here!"

"There you are, Sam!"

"No, but the dog is empty."

Announcements of the professor's new book and his wife's new baby appeared simultaneously. The professor, when he was congratulated by a friend upon "this grand event in your family," naturally thought of that achievement which had cost him the greatest effort and modestly replied, "Well, I couldn't have done it without the help of two graduate students."

A rich man sought admission to the poverty patrol.

"Who are you?" asked St. Peter.

"I am a rich man."

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What have you done that entitles you to admission?"

"Well, I saw a drunkest woman on Broadway the other day and gave her a dollar."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"Well, I crossed the Brooklyn Bridge the other night and met a newspaper boy half frozen to death and gave him a dollar."

"Gabriel, is that on the records?"

"Yes, St. Peter."

"What else have you done?"

"That's all I can think of."

"Gabriel, give him back his two dollars and tell him to go to hell."





"IT GIVES A FEELING OF SECURITY"



OUR EDITOR EXPOSED AS PHONEY!

One of the leading magazines Myron Foss, our editor in chief and gold star



"Do you think it's time to let me dressed in beauty and off I mean the women might get the idea that I'm a staff of devil."

"Myron is such a marvelous man that I'm going to change it back to him. Then they'll be able to tell the men from the boys editors."

NOW IT CAN be told—our editor, Myron Foss, is a woman! There are exclusive behind-the-scenes pictures, modeled to us by our editor herself, as she relaxed in her office!

"Well," she told us, "I think the job is up if you know what I mean." We looked around but didn't see what she meant.

"What I mean, Ed," she continued, "is that we can't continue to keep our readers in suspense. They have a right to know what kind of a nut is putting out this magazine. It's no kind of a nut, and I'm proud of it," she continued, slowly removing her outer garments to get more comfortable.

"So take some pictures," she said, staring at us. "You don't think I was removing my outer gar-





"I wasn't going to reveal my darned old sexy identity until next issue. But here I am, men! If you want to see more of me, buy our next big issue!"

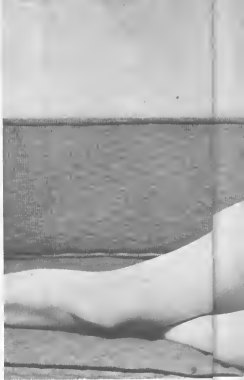
"All those words and everything, worse, wowiee boy! And I do like wowiee boys! Which is why all the steff editors are named Mel. If your name happens to be Mel Lenowitz, why don't you apply for a job?"

ments for anyother reason?"

"Perish the thought, Myron," we said, pulling out our Leica. "I'm ready to shoot anytime."

So, dear readers, this is our editor. We had hoped to keep it top secret, but we felt a real sense of obligation to you readers, and besides it isn't often we get such a chance at exposing our favorite editor, who is shown as exposed as she'll ever get! •

"I just love to edit *Ogle*, but I'm such a tough business girl, can I retain my wemininity?"





"Daddy works as Ogle for all types of men, so long as they're married folk, my son willing to change their names, I like to go with men whose names I can't remember, you know. And if I love you, you'll definitely get to go with me, husband loved."



"You think I'm judging you readers! Then you who do are taking the big chance. You who tell they say we will be and keep me in business, you are the lucky ones who go for me. What I mean is all that funny-looking stuff of me is for laughs. I'm the one for real, kids, real!"

DOLLY



"I have forty seven staff guys around me, all named Ed. I like to go with one guy and the others of my life. It makes me feel less private than if you say me, and I hope you do, today. Say the name in next week!"

USEFUL ITEMS



USEFUL TIPS: These are useful types smart phones which can be turned back into the spy mode of the Xiao Mi with so that you can make good best always out of them. The smart phone is optional, a new smart handset may put a new spin on how you look at their handset.

SPECIAL BIG DEAL FOR STUDENTS! FILL OUT THESE FORMS AND BURN THEM!

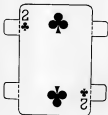
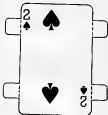
www.elsevier.com/locate/jmb
www.sciencedirect.com

[illegible]

2025-26

1. *What is the main purpose of the passage?*
 2. *Which of the following is NOT mentioned as a benefit of the program?*
 3. *According to the passage, what is the most significant challenge facing the program?*
 4. *What does the author suggest as a potential solution to the challenge mentioned in the previous question?*
 5. *Which of the following best describes the author's tone in the passage?*

Below are some real useless items you'll get very little mileage from. Below them are credit cards for free-loaders, diner's cards for Dickburgers in Dick's.



USPPL FORM 2 For those of you who enjoy playing a quiet, unexciting game of poker (see poker story this issue) I've remembered to put it in, but these drawings are not based on your worthless cards when you're checking. If you win, you get two percent of the pot. If you get lost in the mouth, you can keep two percent of the table.

HOUSING FOR MEN

There is still
the one who is still
the one who is still
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the one who is still
the one who is still
the one who is still
the one who is still
the one who is still
the one who is still

HOUSING FOR MEN

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WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE A GIRL NUT?



What is life like for a big-time psycho doc?
We checked it out with our psychiatrist. Wow!



Let *Let* *letting* the patient dis-
cuss his problem with Doctor
Dorowicz, who is now editing
our personal pad — yes — paper
— hard day. One after a terrible
week to us that he couldn't spot
That's, sure, now the present
problem, he can't read books.





"I'm flapped by death, do you dig me, Doctor Shewerup? I mean, like, I don't want to climb out of my clothes when I see a man. I want you to tell me what that all means if you dig me?"

YOU THINK PSYCHIATRISTS really enjoy their life? That they get their kicks out of listening to the troubles of others, like for instance a poor miserable wreck of a girl who has the thing about taking off her clothes anytime she happens to be alone with a man? You think a psychiatrist might be low enough to get some personal kick out of such a thing if a girl like that happened to be his patient? Is that what you're thinking?"

"You're right," says Doctor Shewerup, who just happens to be our personal psychiatrist. "I'm human like anybody else. Why not in my motto-baby boy. Just the other day that girl came into my office with a problem just like you mentioned, and it's a good thing you did or the patients would have gone to waste. She insisted on stripping off all her clothes as I sat there and took notes about her condition."

"You went on for over an hour. It's odd, she simply implied to, to do something with her other than take notes. I tell you, it was all I could do to sit there and take my notes about her actions. A head throber had got to be expected and all that jazz, you know but I managed to do it. For a time when she simply got too suggestive, I wrote harder. And harder baby for if you know what I mean."

"What was your final conclusion?"

"That I needed a psychiatrist very badly. Meanwhile, that kid and I are a real swinging pair together!"

And that's our Popularity Poller has spent many minutes in the preparation of the early article.



"But does mean, a that you are suffering from being what we in the field for want of a better layman's term to describe it right now."



"But then I feel the real need of your help. Can you help me up to my eyes?" she asked. "Yes, I am going to make up a double count."





Mellow Ramsey, Biceps Editor and member of A.A., shows how her resistance to alcohol has matured.



Above she shows the child's official Glass Strip; below, Mellow Ramsey resists booze all the way down.



Don't let the smiling man, Don, a liquor fiend, our editorial staff and publisher.

ARE YOU AN

ALCOHOLIC?

A.A., the society that stands for Alcohol for All, asked us to serve — uh — survey YOU! Just fill out this form and send it to Room Service, Bar Hotel, Boozer Square, New York.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT the old boozeroo? Can you take it or leave it alone? Our Biceps Editor, Mellow Ramsey, made up the following questions for you gassed-up prior before passing out this afternoon. If you can get through this form while demolishing a fifth or two, then you're the man we've been looking for!

You you're the man—or gal—who's been looking for to replace our Biceps Editor, Mellow Ramsey. Only thing bad-dry, is your name must be Mel to make it. But that figure! Approximate you ready for the quiz? Have it at!

1 Have you ever tried to stop drinking for an hour (or even two) only to fall short of your goal?

2 Have you ever not taken a morning drink during the past year?

3 Have you ever tried to control your drinking by switching to making your own joy juice from rotten tomatoes?

4 Do you resent the advice of other boozers who try to get you to stop drinking so that they can get the arm on your booze?

5 Have you ever blacked out after only the first quart?

6 Do you ever people who can really hold their liquor—like about two quarts or more of hunk?

7 Has your drinking created problems for you? Your gal? Your police sergeant? Your parole officer?

8 Are you aware that some people can get spoiled on water? As long as there is alcohol in it?

9 Despite evidence to the contrary, have you continued to assert that you can stop drinking "on your own" when ever you get out of all the booze has become your credit ran out?

10 Do you know your own capacity? Last _____ quart _____ gallon



Having successfully read the post, Mellow goes on to the question's residence. She was a member of the French Resistance Movement, once got a medal for resisting the Nazis, moved to Lower Texas, a suburb of Poplar Springs in Dallas.

11. Do you know the capacity of your best girl?
Best girl? Best whatever?
12. Do you know what capacity means?
13. If you can spell it and your name is Mel, would you like a job as an editor for Dely?
14. Do you know Caryl Chessman's capacity?
make airports verbs
15. Do you know that the guy writing this is named
al think instead of Mel? And that he'll get
find a name change looked?
16. What else do you know?
about someone about someone
17. How many drinks have you had since you
started reading this magazine Will you drink

18. For me?
19. With soda, please.
20. What do you really know about Caryl Chessman?
21. Have you ever really played chess with Caryl?
22. What are Caryl's chest measurements?
23. How can you be so sure?
24. You're under arrest!
25. What else do you know about Caryl?
26. To get back to focus, what's wrong with it?
27. Are you a grade or what's deal about meeting
drinking?
28. Why do you want to quit, anyway?
29. Do you think you're better than I am?
30. Can you drink Dean Martin under the table?
31. Will you leave a drink on top of it for Mellow
Rooney?
32. Thanks.



Mellow Rooney has completely read
the post in a translating display
of ability. Could you pass the test?
See our bonus quiz right now!



Mel Capen, Harem Type Editor, suggests this exotic new idea for you.

VISIT TO A HAREM!



Berita Bagg shows snap she learned from Rudolph Valentino harem style.



"To get some fun in your life," says Berita, "try harem dancing."



Mel Capen gets some of Berita Bagg's harem moves. Typical ones: "Always use muscles in your arms and thighs. I use it."

WHAT'S IT FEEL LIKE to be a harem girl? We got curious as to the feeling a harem girl gets, so we sent Mel Capen, our Harem Type Editor, down to Baghdad to talk with Berita Bagg, the well known former Miss Food Scraper of 1954. Miss Bagg is now chief Harem Girl for Rudolph Valentino, the Snake of Lower Baghdad.

Here's what she had to tell us: "I get a real feeling out of being a harem girl. It's like they say on TV. To get real feeling and fun in your life, try harem dancing. That's the way I feel about it. Snake Lady treats me just like her wife. The only trouble, I guess, is that he has 104 wives. Some of them are a little jealous, but I'm getting used to their snide remarks. Me and Lady, we have a thing going."

"And I'll tell you this. I've got all the hankies, bangles, and beads a girl could want. They, and I hangy on bangles, bangles and beads! Of course, clothes I can't get."

We asked Berita if she missed life in the good old U.S.A. "Oh, tell you, baby," she said, "I used to be a dancer in the Harem Serenades, in Kookaburra, Calabar and I really got a feeling out of dancing there. It was a dance-dance-rish, of course. But it's nothing like the feeling I get right here in Lady's harem."



A knock. He sat. Gripped the pistol in his left. Another knock. He stepped out into the hall. There—waited.

"Yeah?"
"Hello."

The voice was too soft. Too sweet. Johnny turned.

"What do you want?"

"I'm your neighbor. I'd like to say hello."

"You just said it."

She laughed. He could hear through the door. A champagne laugh. Light. Bubbly. But loaded with tenderness. He moved a step closer.

"Come. Open up."

Johnny unlocked the door. She was all-gone. Her eyes lit a fire under his heart.

"You Nora."

"Yes?"

She stepped around him. Her back was all close here. She turned. After he'd seen the lines.

"Let's coffee it. Together."

Johnny tried to laugh her off. It didn't take.

"Sorry I . . . I got pissed."

"That could! You just got in."

The air was getting close. Her perfume too close. Johnny tried to shake her. But his eyes wouldn't let him.

"Look. I . . . really got pissed. Excuse."

She smiled. Held up a hand. Indian style.

"Sweet. Input? Don't be."

She laughed. Johnny almost smiled.

"You look unhappy. No laugh please?"

Johnny kept a step between them. The girl held tight against his belt.

"Why me, baby? I got nothing."

She moved closer. Their world closed in.

"I saw you. When you came in. What more do I need?"

She wore a soft pink robe. Tight. He wondered what she was underneath.

"I'm a girl. You're a boy. So . . . play into it. Now."

Johnny wasn't afraid. Nobody'd ever hit him. He was sure. She sat. On the bed. Crossed her long legs. Johnny waited for breath. Her legs were endless. And soft. Pushed her thigh. The rest he

guessed.

"You sure, baby?"

She leaned back. Her robe slipped open. Her breasts sat out in the light air. Her body was fat. Her eyes were hungry. Johnny didn't have to look twice. His watch read 11:18.

It was 2:45 before he could see. She smiled. It had been right. More right than he'd ever known. They showered. Together. The spray felt good. The soap ran limp. She soaped his chest. For too long a moment. They had each other once more. The spray felt cool. Then, the water was a memory. They stepped out of the stall. She clung to him. Too far. He kissed her faster than before. She lay down. Her body relaxed. Johnny slipped into his shorts again. Then, his shirt.

"Stay with me. Sleep. Please."

Johnny kissed her. She meant it.

"Sorry, Nora. I got business to take care of."

She smiled on her elbow.

"I got enough sleep. We could . . ."

"I pay my own way, baby. Always."

She liked the way he said it. Strong.

"Johnny . . . don't just walk out. Please."

He tried to shut out her pleas. He had to hit her. With words. Hard ones.

"Look . . . it was a one-nighter. You made the push. I finished you. That's it."

How hard looked at her. Her deep, slanted eyes. She tried to turn away. He held her by the arm.

"Baby . . . life's a highway. You ask it tell it's time to get off."

She let him.

"I thought you were different."

Time was passing. He had to get out. It was 3:30.

"Look . . . I got to take care of something. Will you wait here for me?"

She started to lift. Her eyes glimmered.

"Will you take me out of here?"

He breathed deeply. He committed himself.

"Yeah. Soon's I get back."

Her sweet smiling body held close to him. She kissed him hard. He didn't resist.

"Okay. Get dressed. Fuck. And, wait for me. I'll . . . try to be back by seven."

She smiled. For the first time, really. A warm smile. A nice smile. He wondered what her story was. It didn't really matter. She was all-woman. He was all-man. That's all that really mattered.

"Johnny . . . I . . . I think I love you. But for real?"

He knew that moment. Why didn't matter. He felt good. He checked the time. He had to go. He kissed the stranger, lovely girl. Sent her to her room. Then, took off.

He crossed. The hour was good. Not too much play. The truck would bring the money in. His plan would have to work. In Vegas, you got no second chance.

He checked the time. It was five. He passed the Trap. The play would be heavy that night. Security always was. The tourists made it big. He retreated the blueprint in his mind. He had all the details down better perfect. The truck would pull up to the back of the Trap. The money would be transferred in. He'd have about one minute to pull it off. The minute they all lifted the money bags to take it. There'd be one guard at that moment. A guard with a rifle. Johnny's job to pick him off. Clean. No miss. Or else.

It was 8:45. Johnny felt loose. He had a 50-50 shot at the big bookie. He liked the odds. The Hammer had pulled the spot. One minute. That's all he had. Twenty-four hours in a day. Seven days a week. Fifty-two weeks in a crummy year. In any year. And Johnny had one short minute. To pull off half a million. And run.

He thought of Nora. He tried to get his mind off her. And, the business of her full body. And, the long legs. It was tough to check the feel of her out. He had to pull the job off.

"Hey . . ."

Johnny pulled up. It was ten. The Hammer made it for the car. Johnny sat tight.

"You lost?"

Johnny tried to smile a bit.

"Sort of, sir. Which way to the Sands?"



The cop smiled it. But not laughing.

"Scoutin'?"

"Craps."

"I like a little roulette. Good play for your money." Johnny tried to make it all right.

"I'm only a small change player. Thought thirty dollars was me."

The cop laughed.

"Last you about five minutes."

Johnny gave the sheepish look.

"I'm a carpenter. Work hard for my money. Just want a little relief. I ain't here to break no bank."

The cop thought it. He pointed the way to the Sands. Johnny slowly drove off. It was 8:41. Five minutes to go. Johnny swore aloud to make the Trap. The car that arrived on Johnny parked the car. Twenty feet from the exchange point for money. The truck would back in. Johnny would be there. The Planner had spotted a grave. It had changed the plan. Johnny backed the car behind the tiny grave. The car was out of sight.

It was 8:45. Johnny tried to stay loose. Sweet pointed made his pocket. Three hours were going. The Trap back. Eyes tightly held. Johnny waited. He tried to forget Nora. She stood in his head.

He heard the unmarked truck. It rumbled up, made the turn, and began to back in. Johnny checked it off. One minute till they opened the basement up for him to enter. The truck stopped. The driver got out. He talked to one of the big cops at the rear.

"Give me a hand. With it."

The back of the truck slowly opened. They looked around. Johnny was hidden in the wall. The sound of the two guards helped lay out the traps. Only the last guard remained. Johnny was ten feet from him. Johnny crawled

up on his belly. Raised his gun.

Then, blatted the toothy-eyed heavy between the eyes.

The man fell like a wet sack of cement. Johnny moaned.

"No more."

He had them. They made no move for their guns.

"Carry the bags to that grave. Quick."

They carried the heavy bags. Put them on the back seat of Johnny's car. And, waited. One at their backs up.

"You're dead, fella. Only you don't know it yet."

Johnny waited up to him. Then, split. The two dimmed face were split with his gun butt. Blood ran in streams. The man crumpled to his knees. The others made no move to help him.

"Any other bright boys?"

They remained silent. Johnny made them turn around. Then, pushed their scalps with a heavy bar stick. They each hit the concrete wall. Heavy. Johnny stepped into the car. He didn't gun it. He slowly moved it out of the grave, then made it along the road. The cop waved to him.

"How'd you do?"

"Good. Real good."

"All you carpenters get the breaks?"

"Yeah."

Johnny drove past him. He had the rest of the blueprint in his head. 8:58 had stopped by. He'd made it. Now—for the next part. The Planner had it figured for him. All the roads would be blocked. Cars would be out looking. He meant the car behind the hotel. Nora waited for him. He waited her make.

"You ready to go?"

She held him tightly.

Johnny . . . I thought you weren't coming back.

"No time to explain. Let's go."

The plan was still holding. Time was on his side. For a little

while longer. He had dropped out of the plan by coming back for Nora. But he still had time. John, my made tracks for an abandoned wall. He transferred the money bags down by pulley. There was just enough water to cover the marks. He'd come back for it in three days. Then . . . he'd leave Vegas. Not before.

The Planner had it worked out a little different. He'd instructed Johnny to make it for a check near the edge of town. But John, my word that part of the plan. He would double back. On foot. And reported at a hotel. The Trap. With a disguise nobody'd ever figure. Returning to the scene of the crime. It was perfect. And, kept the company too.

And all that dough for himself.

"Okay, baby. We'll walk back into town."

She looked at him curiously.

"I . . . I thought we were leaving."

"I changed my plans. We'll stop at the Trap. For three days. Then we'll leave."

Johnny turned to stare back at the betting place. Half a million dollars. All his. He smiled. Then . . .

The bullet hit him; just right at the spine. He tossed a short breath. Then, dropped. He knew he was dying. He turned his face. Slowly. Nora stood over him. With a gun.

"Sorry, Johnny. The Planner had it figured different."

Johnny could not speak. The drying blood stuck at his tasteless mouth. His eyes wavered. She began to lift.

"Yeah, Johnny. We set you up. I was at the hotel waiting for you. The Planner . . . he's my husband."

Johnny wanted to die. Foster. His wish was granted. He died. With the blueprint for 8:58 still stuck in his groin.

HOW TO LOSE AT STRIP POKER

Mel Corbitt, our Card Cheat Editor, says, "If you're hard to play poker, play with women. And play for something other than dough—which is only worth money." Following his rules, we show you exactly how to giggle!



Well, the girls are wild!



Just tell me Jack, butterfly is paid!

SO YOU WANT TO LEARN how to play poker? Well, all you need is a deck with 52 cards in it. (The two extra are for you to keep as French-cuffs pants-rolls, and your other half needs it if your cuff gets serious; we suggest taking Southwestern Cuff Drapes), a private hotel room, and a girl like the one you see here.

Then we suggest you learn to cheat. Or get a well-oiled girl who doesn't want to learn to play cards too much any longer but does know how to play. Turn off the lights or the top, we can't tell so long as you cheat good enough to win. And, never play for money. There are other things in life more fun to play for.

If you don't know what they are, we suggest you play for money. You're better off than these pictures show what happened when Mel Corbitt, our Card Cheat Editor, played poker one wild poker with Joyce Jockey, a local cheerleader who luckily didn't know her jack from an ace in the hole.

• CASH



Weren't all those best boys there best four girls and a seven anytime, is what we say! (She agrees!) That's our man in the hole.

Who says women are
bad card players?
Here's a film strip
(and we're not
kidding about the strip
part, buddies) that
illustrates how fine
cardplaying can be!



We just looked under
the table to see what's
going on — then we
really found out what
it was that was really
coming off down there!

OGLE

CARTOONS



An ogler and his sense of humor are like a college boy and his Quince. Neither is very long without the other. The following offices we're serving to you are apined for oglers, Quinceas they drowl over, and college boys.

"You are quite what I meant about I offered to buy your clothes! But..."



"There are the things I was telling you about!"



"You're going to have to drink up—we've overcooked this!"

Ogle being weary of seeing every other magazine in the world get free plays with glowing awards decided to present its own long-time award — the Free Play For the Award, given to Les Lourey and Jimmy Stewart because they have a TV show they're willing to let us use for that free play award (and let's not forget! Your check will be in the mail tomorrow night!)



OGLE SPECIAL AWARD

OGLE like any other magazine, needs a good old shot in the arm by way of a free play occasionally. When the editorial staff put its heads together (two to a guy) we decided we'd better get in on the award, but for the outstanding devotion to the old playola routine, we present this month's OGLE Award for a Free Playola to Les Lourey and Jimmy Stewart. As you can see, the endorsement on previous Reynolds's Wrap is a plus genuine wooden frame. Next year, for an other playola from this pair, we promised to count the frame with genuine paint. We never do things half way, but we'll get there if we keep trying. We know.

*"I
live
for
love!"*

STRAUBMAN IS
CHINESE
OGGLE

VISITS

HOLLYWOOD

STARRING
CURT JURGENS
AND
MAY BRIDGES

AS
**"the BLUE
ANGEL"**

WITH THEOREME BY
EDWARD
STERN
COLOR BY
CINEMA



"Melanie Monroe is my favorite columnist," Mel Friedman has said. Mel Friedman is Melanie's third cousin —



Mel gently is used with the legs of the corner gas station, picks up tips.

Mel even has her name up on Grauman's Chinese Theater. This one drawback of our editor she never learned to read and write, so what?

WHAT IS LIFE really like in Hollywood? We thought it might be interesting to show you how a day in the life of a top-flight, top-time Hollywood correspondent from a big-doll, hot-shot New York magazine makes out, so we sent Mel Bink, our top staff photographer, along to shoot Melanie Monroe's typical day.

Mel, as we call her around the office to avoid confusion (it's our top-flight, big (442-24-08) time correspondent out who works the street (Hollywood and Vine) in Hollywood. When she's not nudging bottles of part tips (the pumping gas at the corner), and shopping for her rather extensive wardrobe, she reads as follows:

Here are some of the items she recently sent to us: paper cups filled from Warner Brothers' two type-writer ribbons packed upon Paramount, a box of chewed-up pencils from 20th Century Fox, a necktie ripped off the back of Frank Sinatra as he was leaving the Brown Derby, and the lid from Bobby Darin's garbage can, which he forgot to fasten down.

For hot stuff like this we pay her our usual amount, which is a few tops of our magazine each month and half of the hot over and above our usual office cup plus that she can fish each month.

"I've just never had a job like this before," says Mel, gratefully. "Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and count my lucky stars. It's sure to do because I sleep on the beach each night. I can't afford to sleep in the more expensive 22 a week Hollywood luxury hotels."

Her standard of living is evident. Mel Bink, our





"You can pick up real up to the beach here," says Mel, who sometimes talks with a little Indian accent. A short day at Calver's hardly has more than a half-gallon gets a little bit in the life of our side.



"I just love being Ogle's Hollywood correspondent," says Mel. I get a chance to meet so many interesting people when I'm here every morning on the job. Just the other day Marlon Brando showed me his old movies. They're a real collection. I like some though I did have to get them washed. They said he had to be Wally Cox."

OGLE



staff photographer, who took these as (postage due) that "Melanie really like the last picture in the film. With string and showing you the oak pole or up, rather — as much as a half-bush a day. As a badge of merit, we presented Mel with a return to New York he'll find we've given a own territory, the grass in front of New York's most Theater district booth — for Saturday is, only. We're giving him the exclusive territory for a own to cover for us.

But just remember, the rest of the week that territory is ours, with or without cameras, all you Mel! To return to the Hollywood home, here's what we learned as the latest from the Film City, as reported by Mel.

"You'll be happy to know that Brando is not throwing wild parties. I checked his ash can this morning and there were seven gin bottles, 16 champagne bottles, and a dozen bourbon bottles in the can. And one of them — his — was still full! That shows what kind of expert the French can be.

"Next I checked up on Marlon Brando. He was just taking away a pair of sneakers. Looking at me with some sympathy (he loves the press as long as it's not in his pants), he said, 'Kid, you need them more than the ash can man. Here! I mean that's just generosity, considering they had been given to him by his old buddy Wally Cox.'"

Melanie also picked up an old saw that had originally belonged to Alvin Karpis and which had grown too small for Frances Hayes. "I only had to pinch a hole here and there where it had been ripped in a bottle or two with Maxine. The getting a real Hollywood wood side, huh?"



Picking up tips Mel gets around the Hollywood scene, poking up a few snakes-and-ladders. The outfit she's got on is her only outfit we've presented her a prize from.





"You can get up real sun on the beaches here," says Mel, who sometimes tells with a little Italian accent. A short day of California's turquoise sea means there is half-gallon juice in little fun in the life of our hotel.



"I just love being Oglethorpe's correspondent," says Mel. "I get a chance to meet so many interesting people when I'm here. They are all on the job. Just the other day I met a woman from the big old museum. They're a real collector's item, even though I did have to get them mailed. They went to looking in 'Willy Go'."

OGLE



staff photo, rather, who took them at (perhaps day) that "Melrose really like. She has all the best grades in Hollywood. With strong, and showing just the way pull or up, rather — as much as a half back a day.

As a badge of merit, we presented 20-4 (half) to return to New York to tell that we're really own territory, the grade is first of New York's most Theater talent booth — the Academy is only. We're giving him this exclusive territory for own to cover for us.

But just one other, the rest of the week that turn, try to come, with or without cameras, all you able. To return to the Hollywood scene, here's what we learned to the street from the Film City, as reported by Melrose:

You'll be happy to know that Melrose is still traveling with parties. I checked his ash can this morning and there were seven gin bottles, 14 champagne bottles, and a dozen bourbon bottles in the can. And one of them — her — was still half full. That shows what kind of alcohol the Melrose can be.

Next I checked up on Markie Brande. He was just coming over a pair of smokers. Looking at us with some sympathy. One loves the press as long as it's not in his pants! he said. 'Kid can need those more than the uh can even there.' I mean that's real generosity, considering they had been given to him by his old buddy Wally Cox.

Melrose also picked up an old one that had originally belonged to Anne Kelly and which had given her small for Frances Meyer. "I only had to patch a hole here and there where it had been ripped at a bottle or two with Markie. I'm giving a real Hollywood ward robe, huh?"



Picking up tips that circulate around the Hollywood scene, picking up a few dollars—here and there. The outfit she's got up is her only outfit, but we've prettied. It's a real one.



...g's guide to
...g poker. Our motto
... can learn to play
...ing poker in one
...ard." That word is
...CHIKATI



...ed Fellows, our Poker Rules, a
... as to the possibility of
...ing an inside straight, which is
... to be like in Figure and French



POKER RULES

- 1 Don't try to remember the rules. It's too con-
fusing.
- 2 If it is a money game always stop when you're
about 10 well below a losing impression and
the folks will remember who you are.
It keeps the cards from shuffling.
- 3 Kill eliminate someone or other sticky easily.
It keeps the cards from shuffling.
- 4 Always explain how you won, when you win
a hand. It helps to show your card knowledge.
- 5 Talk about other subjects during the game. It
makes for good fellowship and distracts the
other players so you can win.
- 6 If you have two of a kind, ask a question like,
"Which is higher, four of a kind, or a royal
flush?" This will be better if you make what
you say so.
- 7 If you get four of a kind on the first deal,
draw away the remaining card, draw one,
guess and ask, "What are the odds for fil-
ling an inside straight?"
- 8 Forget to note unless you're reminded by the
dealer. That will show how casual you are
about money.
- 9 If you're caught bluffing, say "but I thought
there were wilds."
- 10 Find out what kind of cards the guy whom
throwing the game will use. Bring the ace
and king from the same kind of cards with

you. Control them in your French cuffs. Al-
ways wear French cuffs when you play pok-
er.

- 11 Make a deal by playing with another of the
players so you can be sure to split the win
nings. When one guy has good cards then the
other guy can act as a stall and help make
the pot.
- 12 Carry a gun.
- 13 Carry a knife.
- 14 Keep the motor of your car running.
- 15 If you and your partner are winning, say
"Let's raise the ante for the last five hands."
around once a week at night.
- 16 Sit near the door so you can get to the car
fast.
- 17 Occasionally, let your shoulder holster show.
Particularly if someone begins counting the
cards.
- 18 Keep a pencil and pad handy to keep track of
your bets. Use the pencil to mark the cards
once in awhile.
- 19 Be sure the tank is filled in the car. It's im-
portant to have a getaway car with an
empty tank.
- 20 If you lose in spite of all this precaution, pull
out the gun, sweep up the dough in the pot,
and cut out.
- 21 That's all.

M-C XXVI

LO, HOW FORTUNE TURNETH SODEINLY! LIKE THIS IS THE INTRO, DUMMIE!

THESE THINGS ARE NOT TO BE TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY. THEY ARE ONLY THE INTRO TO THE MAIN ACT. THE MAIN ACT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE PLAY. IT IS THE PART THAT THE AUDIENCE WILL REMEMBER. IT IS THE PART THAT THE AUDIENCE WILL TALK ABOUT. IT IS THE PART THAT THE AUDIENCE WILL ENJOY. IT IS THE PART THAT THE AUDIENCE WILL WANT TO SEE AGAIN. IT IS THE PART THAT THE AUDIENCE WILL WANT TO SHARE WITH THEIR FRIENDS. IT IS THE PART THAT THE AUDIENCE WILL WANT TO RECOMMEND TO OTHERS. IT IS THE PART THAT THE AUDIENCE WILL WANT TO LIVE WITH FOREVER.

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IF YOU CAN READ THIS FROM THE HEAVENS
YOUR EYES ARE BETTER THAN OURS

from the studios of
THE NUT HOUSE 2 W 46 ST.
New York



DEBBIE AND LIZ RASSLE!

In a historic match, Debbie and Liz let fly at one another with a series of holds that were new even to Debbie—who's a past master of the cold, hard hold!

Our latest, internal national report on too-holds, told us after viewing the match: "I wish Debbie was a girl of violence but such immorality I won't use in a lock-free, hold-free."



Debbie Fisher, a lady used to you to lay down to the winner of this last match? Liz Fisher is a lady used to you with a confidence officer on the team on the eye as entering Debbie Fisher looks on with incredulity, who is the winner on this match?



"Let you're been throwing too many curves toward my man Eddie," said Debbie as she hit him upside the lip. "You're looking for a taste in the mouth," threatened Lou.

"You've been telling me and Eddie for a while long enough," shouted Don. "Well, let me give you a few more life lessons," yelled Lou. "You hold on the one I call them the 'Plan'!"

IT WAS A SELL-OUT each week, and if you missed it, you miss your big chance right now — at this very moment — to witness the battle of the century:

The participants were Eddie and Lou, of course, in a freefall, nobody barred, no better biased, no loose ended match that amazed all viewers, one of whom was Eddie Fisher, the pride of the Philadelphia cream cheese set. Eddie, in order to get a better look, referred. He was interested in all the action, for he owned a piece of it. Whoever won the match also got him.

That would have worked out well, but the girls had the situation reversed. They were under the impression that the women got to get rid of him. The head bobs, the shots in the mouth, the deep knee bends and the thumbs up holds were seen as they never before were seen. At one point Eddie got thrown in between Debbie and Lou as they engaged in their special "Separate the Soldiers Between Us" hold. Eddie was pulled in a pickle but soon got dropped to the floor, well as a board. Afterward he wryly told the girls he felt much too worked out to out the mustard any more.

It was just as well, when the girls found out that he was the big prize in the contest that they had fought to a bloody draw. They got together and threw him a penny.

The only catch was that the party they threw him was Al. And Elizabeth. Eddie Fisher hasn't recovered since.



"There seems to be no at the hand thing," yells Debbie. "I'm entitled to a piece of action, don't I?" "Oh, you need!" yells Lou.

